BAPTISTA MANTUANUS.

Descendum: sequar, respondeo, sequimur.

LONDON,
Printed by *Anne Griffin*, for *Godfrey Emerson*,
and are to be sold at his shop in Little [illegible]
without Aldersgate. 1634.

OBSERVATIONS.

Upon the Life of

SEJANUS.

Written in Italian by

GIO. BAPTISTA MANZINI.

And now Rendred into English by S. T. H.

JUVENAL.

—Delectent Populum Panem & Circenses.

LONDON,

Printed by Anne Griffin, for Godfrey Emerson,

and are to be sold at his Shop in Little Britain

without Aldersgate. 1653.

THE AVTHOVR to the Reader.

THe two first Bookes of the Life of Sejanus, distinguished into three, were casually taken from me; as if Fortune likewise persecuting him on paper, would not suffer any memory of him to survive, but ruine. I could have gathered them together againe, had I not feared some might have imagined me ambitious to stand in competition with him, who already hath laboured on the same life. There live many Gentlemen in Florence, who saw mine, before that other

passed the Mountaines. Notwithstanding I have not proceeded in this undertaking, as well because the worke was then the birth of too greene an age in me, as for that I supposed this sole remainder (the picture of a perfect Courtier) figured in the fall of this Vnhappy Man, might suffice to entertaine thee with contentment. Live free, and prejudicate not what my heart conceives of Fortune, for no sooner shall you have led your eyes along to the end of this Booke, but will confesse, that of this diffense of the world, my opinion hath bene very sound.

POLITICALL OBSERVATIONS

Upon the fall of

SEJANVS.

MOre cannot a man receive, nor more Fortune give. If shee raised not *Sejanus* to Regalitie, it was because shee thought it a lesse matter to afford a head for Empire, than to resigne the head of Empire over as a prey to one who should tyrannize it. Here either weary, or repentant, she began to forsake *Sejanus*. Health, Wit, Riches, Incense, and Scepters, were gifts to have impoverished the giver her selfe, had shee not even whilst shegave them, with a covetous hand, snatched them backe againe.

He

He borne at *Vulſinium*, (at that time a rich Towne of *Tuſcanie*, which was afterward conſumed by lightning, heaven alwayes aiming to thunder-ſtrike, where any pretend above humane condition) was advanced by Fortune to Courts, offices, dignities, truſt of a Prince, ſupereminencie over all, and laſtly to Altars and Incenſe. He had derogated from the condition of man, and not beene tyrannized, but the tyrant of Fate, if he had with equalitie of fortune concluded the beginning of ſo ample fortunes. Earthly felicities are not unlike the Ephimera, they die the ſame day they are borne.

Many yeares are required to give growth and height to a great tree, and a ſhort time ſufficeth to pull it up. Let *Iupiter* boaſt his thunder bolts, *Iuno* her ſerenes, *Thetis* her calmes, but Fortune in her kingdome hath things more unſtable than any of theſe. The politicke threads ſpunne by *Sejanus*, to weave the royall purple to himſelfe at this time, are ſooner practiſed than numbred. The tragicall ſtory of his end, (become the fable of the multitude) ſhall now be rehearſed, rather for example than delight. *Sejanus* is unworthy of compaſſion, becauſe unjuſt, but hee notwithſtanding is to be looked

looked on with an eye of pitie, by ſuch as penetrate the miſery of humane condition, which hath nothing certaine, but the uncertainty of it ſelfe, and for ampleſt matter of its loſſe, the greateſt heape of its gaines.

He riſeth to purchaſe either precipices or thunders from heaven, who without ſure foundation of merit, endeoureth to raiſe for himſelfe that mountaine of fortune which is to be aimed at by ſole vertue, and guided by the only power of that heaven, which hath reſerved to it ſelfe the authority of giving and taking away kingdomes.

Heaven threatned the ſiniſter events of *Sejanus*, with ſiniſter predictions, willing thereby (as it were) either to ſound a retreit to Fortune, or rather to advile *Sejanus* how little he ſhould confide in theſe our fraile felicities. Ravens obſerved, Cats enraged, the Bench whereon the Court-waiters ſate throwne downe, ſervitors by misfortune precipitated from the Caudine ſtaires, were horrid prodigies, and Portentous preſages of future calamities. Yet was there none, who on theſe things durſt make any evill conſtruction, becauſe the preſent ſtate conſidered, it was no eaſie matter to beleeve an equall

mutation

mutation might be made. *Sejanus* was greater than his betters, lesse onely than his owne thoughts, and the world conceived that Fortune could doe nothing more in him, or that there was no other Fortune but *Sejanus* himselfe. *Dion* writeth, that such were the foundations of this mans greatnesse, that had God himselfe foretold his ruine, he would scarcely have beene beleeved.

The Citizens so infinitely honoured, observed, reverenced, feared, adored the name of *Sejanus*, that *Tiberius*, whose eyes imminent perill had unvailed, began to be jealous of himselfe, as well as of his Kingdome. *The name of that subject is ever perilous to a Prince, who is more often named than himselfe.*

To ruine so vast a frame in an instant, was to stand in danger to be oppressed: to suffer the increase thereof, was to oppresse ones selfe. Behold to what condition this unfortunate Prince is brought, who forgetting what hee himselfe is, wholly resignes himselfe to the trust of one man, who being raised to greatnesse, (the precipice of the greatest) hath no other fidelity, but that wherewith he is trusted.

Among the people he saw himselfe despised,

but

but which is more, hee knew himselfe despicable, as he who too basely had suffered all his functions to be possessed by *Sejanus*, equally favoured and suspected. Hee began to feare the losse of that authority, which (as the soule) guideth, and governeth all, and which as a huge pile eminent above the rest, falleth not, but to ruine the Kingdome.

Combated by a thousand thoughts, nay mastered by unspeakable feare, it behoved him rather to endevour the meannes how to recover his Empire, then preserve it. Hee was not ignorant, that *Sejanus* ascribed the Empire to himselfe, the government of *Caprea* to *Tiberius*. Behold how Fortune had hoodwinked this miserable man, teaching him to dally with death. *Tiberius* knew it was neither time to sleepe, nor runne. Great remedies were needfull in so pregnant suspitions; dissimulation was necessary with a man so powerfull, but first he must seeke for safety, then revenge: *Most times the true remedy of treachery, is, to seeme not to know it.*

To understand the minde of the one and other, *Cæsar* began with strange art to plie both *Sejanus* and the Senate with Letters, in

one day varying a thouſand things concer-himſelfe ; ſometimes by declaring to them he had nothing now alive in him but infirmitie, he confeſſed an impotencie, which ſecured *Sejanus* to lay more lively colours upon his deſignes ; and then with his owne hand certifying the Senate of his health recovered, made them ſacrifice deſpite to modeſtie. By which meanes the one had a large field to negotiate, the other to feare. One while he prailed *Sejanus* in his letters, and yet ſometime writing backe hee blamed him, magnified other of his favourites, and depreſſed others : To conclude, the whole Court depended on the uncertainty of his practiſes, which had nothing regall in them, but doubleneſſe.

Sejanus was ſometime ſuddenly puffed up with freſh favours, and as ſuddenly ſtupified with theſe unaccuſtomed proceedings. Conſcience aſſailed him with ſuſpition ; The memory of predictions ſurcharged his ſoule with impreſſions of horror. It fell not into his thought to feare, beholding himſelfe ſo powerfull, yet dared hee as little to confide in his power, hearing ſuch novelties.

Conſcience (the ſcourge of the wicked)

permitted not he ſhould know that houre to be come, wherein he muſt either conquer or die. He with all his might vapoured forth the ſmoke of his greatneſſe. He knew his practiſes were not unknowne to *Tiberius*, he was therefore to attempt the iſſue with violence, not expected, though doubted: For *great actions ſhould rather be ſpeedily executed, than conſulted on.* Death was the head of the way, flie it hee could not, well might he ennoble it. It was therefore better to meet it than expect it, ſell it than ſuffer it. Who knew, whether Fortune would not (as heretofore) favour ſudden Counſels.

He muſt ſeale the concluſion with an act, if not eminent for vertue, yet memorable for hardineſſe, *Dangers many times by encountring them, are avoided. Good Councels from delay, wicked from violence take force.* But who underſtands not, that heaven corrupteth the councels of him, to whom the revolution of Fortune is deſtined.

In the meane time the multitude (amongſt which nothing is more eaſie than change of affections) perceiving in ſo ſhort a time, ſo great alteration of affaires, began to waver.

They failed not to ſpread rumours of innovation into the eares of the people, to whom the power of *Sejanus* was either hatefull or ſuſpected. *Each motion ſerveth for reaſon to juſt feare; with long expectation every occaſion finds favour.*

Offences heretofore tollerated, or diſſembled, began to be unmasked. Woe to him who hath fulfilled his felicity. There wanted not thoſe who attributed to *Sejanus* the blame of all *Tiberius* his exorbitances, compaſſionately deploring the memory of *Caius Sillius*, of *Titus Sabinus*, and *Cremutius Cordus*, ſo unjuſtly deprived of life.

He that governeth another, walketh on a rope, which though made of golden threads, is not the more ſtable, not underſtanding how well to uſe the counterpoiſe of juſtice; If he put one foot out of the right place, the ordinary ſucceſſe is to remaine hanged.

Many, not to contradict, rather than not to be ſilent, added probability to truth. Others hoping change of fortune, with alteration of government, ſeconded the beginning of his ruine, whom themſelves acknowledged for their raiſer.

It is very likely hee could not have beene advanced, without an infinite number of men obliged by his benefits, and yet amongst so many publike invectives, there was not any one that defended him. But what! *Small benefits are easily forgotten; great, ordinarily surcharge.* Some cannot requite a good turne, other know not how. Of the ungratefull, some neglect it, other abhorre it. The world is come to that passe, that good turnes are thought dangerous. The ungratefull man, loth to repay a benefit, would not there likewise should be any, to whom he may account himselfe a debtor. Thus hapend it to poore *Sejanus.* The end of the obligation, and of the obliger was esteemed an advantagious exchange. *Good, as evill equally concurreth to the oppression of that unhappy man, who once begins to be distasted.*

All the motions of *Sejanus* breathed forth sadnesse. Hee who heretofore haughty and proud, accustomed arrogantly to vaunt supereminencie, now wholly mortified, shewed how much hee was burdened with weighty cares. His eyes reconcentred with his imaginations, manifested in their wanesse what

anxieties tormented him. At which time oppreſſed with griefe, or through diſtracted thoughts, not rendring ſalutes, he ſeemed to deſpiſe thoſe who ſaluted him, ſo that his proper hurts unhappily conſpiring with fortune, he encreaſed the number of the malevolent, and leſſened the troops of partiall followers.

Tiberius thus judiciouſly ſpinning the web, honoured both *Sejanus* and his ſonne with the dignity of Prieſthood, as it were adviſing him to ſtand prepared to ſacrifice a victim to Fortune. To theſe honours he added the Proconſular dignity, rather to augment doubt in the people, than titles for *Sejanus*; yet much would he have promiſed himſelfe by his dexterous wit and Genius, if he could have found means to preſent himſelfe before *Cæſar*, whereupon under pretext to viſit a beloved feminine ſinger of his, afflicted with a certaine infirmitie, having ſought to come to *Capreæ*, hee was ſuſpended by *Tiberius*, who would not admit his preſence, more for feare of his force, than that he refuſed the ſhorteſt and ſafeſt way to give an end to ſuch dangers, affording acceſſe for once, to bereave him of it for ever. So, *many times it is better to tolerate by diſſembling, than*

preci-

precipitate thoſe councels, which by delay are not waſted, but fortified. In infirmity, there is not any thing more mortall, than unſeaſonable medicines.

His eyes were darkned with horror, and mind with terror, ſeeing upon one ſide the occaſions of bounty taken away, on the other ſide, thoſe to whom he had beene bounteous, now to pay him with ingratitude. The errours committed in proſperous fortune, threatned him with adverſe. Thoſe that adhered to him, told him many things variouſly related from the people, but almoſt ever againſt him: Whereupon aſtoniſhed he loſt courage: But hope, which never failes whilſt life laſteth, comforted him; theſe feares were rather objects of conſcience, than incentives of prudence. *Tiberius* by him unburdened from the greater toyles of Empire, ſecured from his greateſt enemies, entertained and nouſled in his chiefeſt delights: *Tiberius*, who found no quiet, but in the boſome of his vigilance, would not ſo ſoone (ſaid ſhee) precipitate him, whom hee ſo much had heretofore profeſſed to affect. The number of allyes, obliged friends, affectionate ſouldiers, people, who (as yet) adored him, miniſtred rather

matter

matter to leſſen ſorrow, than feare.

This verily was the beginning of the knowledge & apprehenſion that *Sejanus* had of the inſtability of thoſe things, which are ſubject to Fortune. Here beganne he diſcourſing with himſelfe, to derive conſequences from ſeeing, that *Tiberius* hitherto an impenetrable hider of his thoughts, honoured *Caius* with Prieſtly dignity, and praiſed him as one who ſhould ſucceed him. Here deſperation began wholly to tyrannize over thoſe reaſons, which in the minde of *Sejanus* were fed by that moſt tormenting deſire of rule. *The certainty of the ſucceſſion of a Prince, is the oppreſſion of his hopes, who pretendeth to principalitie.*

Here, as *Sejanus* openly loſt courage, ſo fortune partiall to animoſity, began manifeſtly to perſecute him. A powerfull enemie of his (Prefect of *Spaine*) was freed from the heavie blame of exorbitant offences, whether they were reall, or objected by *Sejanus*, *The exaltation of enemies, is the beginning of proper depreſſion.* One ſcale of the ballance goes not up, but the other ſinks downe. *Tiberius* wrote of the death of *Nero* to the Senate, and naming

Sejanus,

Sejanus, did it without usuall attributes. Hee forbade that any man should hereafter dare to sacrifice to a man. *Poore is the God-head, whose Deity rests upon an edict.*

By these wayes *Tiberius* lessened the reputation of the Favorite with the people, which useth to be the first and most grounded foundation of greatnesse. The troope of attendants to wait on him from his house, was not so frequent, because some, not to be suspected by *Tiberius*, (whose slie practises were now discovered) certified *Sejanus* of their leaving him, rather jealous of their owne good, than of anothers. The smokes, as well of sacrifices on Altars, as of Pride and Ambition in the head of *Sejanus*, beganne to decline.

His favorites were no longer honoured, and were they, it was rather in respect of dignity than person. Injustice dispoyled of the mantle of his authority, walked no longer thorow *Rome*, for Fortune having put guives upon it, it could not freely stirre up & downe without danger. To these turmoyles, so much weighty as they were new, crosse *omens* of predictions were added. A statue of *Sejanus* smoking, the head taken off, to discover the

cauſe of it, a great ſerpent was ſeene ſuddenly to iſſue forth, and the head ſet on againe, there was a knot found about the necke of it. A while after hee ſacrificing to a ſtatue of Fortune, ſhe either not to ſee him, or becauſe ſhe could not endure him, turned her head away, ſhewing this wretched Courtier how little he ſhould confide in the vanity of that Fortune, which knowes not how to be ſtable, even in marble.

Among ſuch hatefull prodigies, a thouſand torments vexed the ſoule of unhappy *Sejanus*. Vaine, and fruſtrate was now the thought of commotion, hee underſtanding the averſion of the people from his affaires, and knowing the Senates love towards *Caius*. *Great attempts are atchieved in the increaſe, not diminution of fortune.* We muſt not hope for ſtability from this inconſtant Lady, whoſe favors are allwaies ſo much the more pernitious, by how much the more they render us ſecure and confident. He watched whole nights with his paines, which could ſhew him nought elſe but *Chymeras*: He knew no other repoſe, but that alone, which the want of it in the boſome of toyleſome wearineſſe begat. The

morning

morning aire that awakened him were his ſighs, which invited him to toyle. He thought every day the laſt, every laſt would have beene deare to him, ſo it were not delayed; *For much more painfull is the feare of death, than to die.* (Poore *Sejanus*) the heape of ſo many crimes never came to deſerve, that the puniſhment ſhould ſo long be deferred.

A generous affection (underſtanding it was neceſſary either to vanquiſh evils, or end them) awakned in his ſoule a purpoſe to withdraw himſelfe from danger by death; to tell the world, Fortune had beene able to exalt, not depreſſe him. But the blinde warrioreſſe, who would not bereave herſelfe of the glory to have ruined him, in ſuch his ſad agonies, courted him with newes, that *Tiberius* ſpake of conferring the Tribunitiall power upon him, whereupon afflicting and comforting him at one and the ſame inſtant, ſhe armed him with hope, peradventure, becauſe it ſhould not bee thought a ſmall glory to her to have caſt downe a vanquiſhed man, and overcome one who begged mercy. *Tiberius* nothing ignorant of publike affection, and private ſuſpition, began (not deſpairing) to

have the people and Senate on his part, to mannage the concluſion of this affaire, which carried in it ſelfe as much neceſſity, as perill. His deſigne was to levell the moſt grounded Fortreſſe of the Empire, and to pluck up the beſt rooted Plant the Earth hath nouriſhed. The pretorian Cohorts honoured, preferred, united, countenanced, fortified, by him, depended all on his leaſt commands. The greateſt men, who governed in the Empire, as Prefects, Queſtors, Tribunes, Captaines, and infinite other officers, all raiſed by him owed their ſervice, & eſtate to him. The moſt inward and neareſt ſervants of *Tiberius* had been by his meanes deputed to that ſervice, and intimacy. The principall of the Nobility, enriched with the beſt places, either as his ſervants or Allyes, were tied to him. Of the multitude ſome were maintained in his houſe, ſome were dependant, ſome intereſſed; ſo that many reſpectively, and almoſt all by adherence waited on him. Well might his ruine be commanded by *Tiberius*, but not expected. Princes are the heart, Subjects the hands. To confide was dangerous, yet neceſſary. Strangers were nothing fit for ſo great an affaire, which required

much

much knowledge of the fact, and persons. Familiars were to bee suspected, as well for the reasons mentioned before, as for that the most and best trusted servants, are those, who sooneſt sell their master. Few were not sufficient for so great a businesse, in many, secrecy was unsafe. To do it in Rome where *Sejanus* had the pulse of his power, was to subject himselfe to sudden commotion of people, which is in prudence, so much to be avoided. To doe it out of Rome was impossible, or most difficult. If hee should call him to Capreæ hee would not come, but upon sure conditions, bringing along with him more perill for others, than for himselfe. Every thing was dangerous, and laying private interest aside, no other affection would have advised it. In the end *Tiberius* excited, put forward, and enraged, peradventure more by *Sejanus* his unhappinesse, than out of his owne wisdome, called *Nervius Sertorius Macro*, and secretly constituting him Captaine of his Guard, hee gave him the mannage of the whole matter, advising him what hee was to doubt, what to avoid, what to accelerate, or ponder. He commanded him to conferre with *Memmius Regulus*, whose

fidelity was free from ſuſpition, he being an ancient rivall of *Sejanus*, and ſhewed him the neceſſity of ſecrecy with the other Conſull, as being one of his enemies faction. Then, that he ſhould enſnare, and aſſault mindes with a thouſand ſorts of hopes, and feares, awaking the anger of the offended, the hatred of the reconciled; that hee ſhould fight with gold, promiſe dignities, remove ſouldiers, ſecure the armie from tumults, and finally the matter not ſucceeding well, at the firſt ſtirres which ſhould oppoſe their deſignes, he ſhould introduce *Druſus* into the Senate for Emperour, by him ſo declared and pronounced.

Macro departing with theſe inſtructions, *Tiberius*, to whom amongſt ſo many vices puſillanimity was not wanting; not truſting to the number of his people, to the ſituation, and ſtraightneſſe of that Iland, eaſie to bee defended for a firſt aſſault by the ſouldiers of his guard, nothing maintaining the majeſty of his place, but having prepared many ſhips, timerouſly ſtood expecting opportunity of eſcape from the firſt notice, that *Sejanus* foreknowing his deſignes might not prevent and oppreſſe

him.

him. *A bad Conscience is the Mother of Feare, Feare the Father of those ignoble acts, whose indignity is the Tombe of Reputation.*

These were the afflictions of *Tiberius*, the perills of *Sejanus*, the endevors of *Macro*, who with *Tiberius* his letters entring full of cares by night into Rome, began the designed practise with *Memmius Regulus*, and *Gracilius Laco*.

The next day the morning being come, to show the last Sunne to *Sejanus*, whilst the Senate sate in the Temple of *Apollo*, *Macro* entring into the Pallace met *Sejanus*, whose soule, (which felt the stroke of Fate at hand) sad, that *Tiberius* had not written to him, presaged evill events. He was comforted by *Macro's* whispering in his eare, that he had brought him the Tribunitiall dignity; wherat joyfull, he entred into the Senate house, by his friends (amongst whom this word quickly ran) honoured, reverenced, saluted, as much as by the malevolent he was feared and flattered.

Behold how poore mortalls are taken in a snare by Fortune; unhappy he, who trusteth her; but more unhappy, who to her commits those treasures that are enriched with nought

else,

elſe, but others wants. *Sejanus*, could neither enter, nor bee received into the Senate with greater applauſe. Suſpitions, doubts paſſed, were ridiculous entertainements of preſent alacrity, as if it were humane Condition, that a little ſweet ſhould be repayed with much acerbity.

Thoſe enemies who moſt hated him, doubtfull leaſt they might be diſcovered, treated amongſt themſelves, with a ſoft murmur, (but which they notwithſtanding deſired might be heard) to conferre ſome new honor upon him, cloking their malignity, with ſeeming courteous; ſecretly negotiating it, as if they did it not for oſtentation; but love. *So many times diſſimulation uſeth to walke ſhamefaſt, and reſerved; not to hide her ſelfe, but that the novelty of habit may bee of force to turne the eyes of ſuch as are preſent, upon her.*

Macro having publiſhed the authority received from *Tiberius*, removed from about the Senate and *Sejanus*, thoſe prætorian ſoldiers which were for a guard, and ſhewing certaine letters, in which *Tiberius* expreſſed hee would reward them, leaving here a good number of ſouldiers of Ceſar's guard faithfull

by

by ancient ſervice,& encouraged with greater hopes, he led the Prætorians to their ſtations, that no innovation might bee made. In the mean time *Tiberius* his letter was read, brought by him to the Senate, which verily was long, as being ſtuffed with a thouſand cunning policies. In the beginning it contained diverſity of affaires, afterward with a ſhort complaint of *Sejanus* aswith a ſlight inquiſition, he prepared minds to greater matters. Then paſſing to otheraffaires, he in a whil ereturned to complain of him and commanding that two Senators, the moſt intimate with *Sejanus*, ſhould be puniſhed, ordained in the manner of an entreaty, grounded & neceſſitated upon ſuſpitions, and State-rules, that *Sejanus* himſelfe ſhould be undercuſtody. Requiring that one of the Conſuls ſhould be aſſigned to wait on himſelf, that he might come to *Rome* in ſafety.

Let him meaſure and argue upon the endevour of this letter, who from the things ſaid before, underſtandeth the ſuſpition of *Tiberius*. Let that poore Courtier penetrate the ſudden effect of it, who knoweth how headlong Fortune is to throw one downe from greatneſſe. *The deſcent from height, hath no leſſer*

steps then a leap. Most times no distinction may be made betweene the supremest, and lowest fortune. It is impossible that the penne should abstaine from flattering the eyes, whilst it bewailes humane infelicity on these papers. No sooner was the Letter read, but those Senators hastily rose up, who most faithfull, most deare sate about *Sejanus*, detesting him, whom hitherto they had soothed, served, and adored. When Fortune departs, shee carries friends away with her. They, who once were of his faction, strove to be the first to forsake him, boasting to be the formost in seconding the will of Cæsar. Out alas, that friends fly the place, where they are tryed. *Profit and delight are those interests, which gaine love: Friendship is that sonne, who is all waies buried with his Father.* By that which his dearest friends did, may be argued what his enemies endevoured. They emulously rose up to accuse, calumniate, reproach him, and all the exorbitant excesses, not onely of *Tiberius*, but of the most abject creatures (unknowne to *Sejanus*) were ascribed to him. There was not any, who was silent in his cause, and if there were, it was either to give time, that the multitude of accusations

might

might not be loſt, or to recommend themſelves to the goddeſſe *Memory*, to ſuggeſt new cauſes of complaints. The Pretors, and Tribunes encompaſſed him round about, doubtful, leaſt he might get out to ſtir the people to commotion: A wary diligence, but needles, becauſe feare (the ſergeant that waits on cõſcience) had before any other tied up his ſenſes in ſuch knots of dejection, that I ſuppoſe leſſer were not neceſſary to hold a proud ſoule from abandoning manhood in ſo ſudden a change.

Who will vaunt himſelf of thoſe greatneſſes which as they may be acquired, may conſequently be loſt. *Regulus*, and *Laco* dragged him as guilty out of the Senate, at whoſe feet juſtice, and fortune had ſo long lyen proſtrate. The people, lovers of novelties, ran together crying out a loud, & curſing *Sejanus*, to whoſe houſe (calling him the companion of *Cæſar*) they but halfe an hower before haſtened to wait on him.

The ſouldiers, who heretofore uſed to glory in his ſervice, boſted themſelves & grew proud at his captivity. They who before had adored him for a *god*, & honored him as a prieſt, haled him as a victim to ſacrifice. And ſo grievous,

and certaine was the ignominy imminent over the present perill, that it was rashnes to envie one of those Oxen, which were sacrificed to him in the former flourish of Fortune. Oh how little is the affection of the people to be trusted, who so easily adore and murther men, that they cannot learne to pardon their owne gods, not reverenced for the power of their thunderbolts; but made, and deified by their proper hands.

The name of the unfortunate *Sejanus*, was not onely the sport of fortune, but of the people likewise; the soules by him deprived the benefit of this pretious light ranne up and down, with a thousand whippes to excite, and enrage as well his owne Conscience, as the multitude, against him. Every one agreed to mocke him for those his elevated thoughts, which were to sinke at the foot of the Gemonian stayres. His statues were the Center of Speares and Swords. Let not the Load-stone boast to attract Iron with greater force, then did the marbles inscribed with the name of *Sejanus*.

This is that memorable day, wherein the impious barbarisme of the people taught him

to die, who had never lived. Brazen models were no longer melted with fire, but with wounds, for in the forge of Rome no other fewell burnt, but of indignation, nor any other bellowes were blowne, but of Anger.

For no other cause had fortune rayſed ſo many ſtatues to him, but to multiply an infinity of *Sejanus's* which ſhould at this inſtant be the miſerable prey of a thouſand torments, as though *Sejanus* were not capable enough of ſo many puniſhments, who only ſufficed to commit ſo many crimes. There was not any one who ſought not to get ſome relique of him, to preſerve it as the miracle of Fortune.

Exorbitancies of cruelty reflecting from the eye to the minde, afflicted the poore *Sejanus*; his ſoule oppreſſed with ſo inſupportable accidents, languiſhed, for the griefe of dying, yet would death have been the laſt of all evils, had it not drawne along with it ſo much ignominy. For finally *to go out of life is neceſſary, but to be driven from it is ſhamefull.*

What may wee beleeve, was the paſſage of this unhappy man from the Senate to the priſon? He endevoured to cover his head, to defend himſelfe, I know not whether from

ſhame or injury, but as he could not hide himſelfe from his owne conſcience, ſo they diſcovered him to the eyes of others. Fortune ſcorned to triumph over a man masked, and heaven thought it not a puniſhment equall for demerit, to hide him from thoſe who had bin ſpectators of his crimes, and were the remainders of his fury.

They all eryed out, ſtormed, and exclaimed to have him killed; that he ſhould be precipitated, who was the death and ruine of the Empire. The weakeſt cowards learnt courage, from the example of the ſtrongeſt, the ſtrongeſt envied the horror of the weakeſt, finding themſelves unable to maintaine that fury, which ſtirred them up to revenge. The breſt of *Sejanus* would have been the ſepulcher of a thouſand ſwords, nor would the ſouldiers who environed him have ſufficed to preſerve him, had it not bin for fortune, who was deſirous alſo to enjoy this laſt delight, to ſee a Hangman envied by a hundred Senators; every ſtep was a death, every death was ſo much the more grievous, as it had the more of life. The paſſage of dying is a moment; and that which is diſpatched in a moment, is no great evill, but

this was so much the greater an evill, by how much the more they delayd him that death which might take him from the ignominy which the cies saw, and from the torments which sense feared.

Being come to the prison, either the frozen heart denied passage to the soule, or else the soule oppressed with so many objects of stupifying paine, found not out the way to liberty; otherwise, if we thinke how little experienced, he was of sinister fortune, or if we weighed the sorrow of losse by the value, by the horror of death, and by the feare of conscience, it had beene impossible hee should have lived a moment.

Let him not compassionate the misery of this wretched Courtier, who is not exposed to misfortune; And who knoweth not, that the most wretched manner of unhappinesse is, to have once bin happy. If he deserve not pity as *Sejanus*, he deserves it as a man become miserable. *Every occasion should serve the just man to exercise his vertue. Courtesie, benefits, and clemencie, are the three means wherewith he who governeth, ought to oblige the minds and affections of the people, without which, Empire is nought else but a perilous*

perilous servitude. It is true, that discretion ought to be the distributresse of these treasures; That overmuch curtesie begets contempt; That benefits rather scattered, than placed oblige not, and indulgence not limited is a security in sinning, it being ordinarily the condition of men not to know how to beare all slavery, not all liberty. The neglect of these bounds, not knowne or not observed, afflicted the poore *Sejanus*, the infelicity of whole pollicy had found more greatnesse, than safety. *Never was that power either stable, or lasting, which was gained by wickednesse.*

An Idæa cannot be framed in the minde of any mortall man of a more exact states-man, then that, which then in a Chymæra presented it selfe to the minde of *Sejanus*, made wise by the unhappinesse of his fortune. He abhorred his former pride; it vexed him hee had set himselfe as the scope of Envy. The Ostentation of *Tiberius* his favor, the violence of emulators, his having arrogated to himselfe Empire over that world that now refused to support him, were such punishments, as they were not onely preambles, but lively touches of the Torments of hell, affording no space either for

hope

hope or amendment. Now (although late) hee ſaw how dangerous it was to play with the Lion, who concludeth his daliances with his pawes. Affections ſo long felt, or to ſay better, ſuffered, made themſelves underſtood to be lyers. They a little before had the face of hopes, and now were knowne to be dotages. But what knew he not? Vnhappineſſe taught the miſerable man, that which prudence hath written in her books; not at this time to make him cautious, but rather ſo much the more ſad. From matters whence felicity drawes good, miſery derives evill, nor can a greater miſchiefe afflict a miſerable man, than to be reduced to that point, that even prudence it ſelfe concurreth to render him unhappy.

In the meane ſpace the Senate ſeeing none of the innovations, then feared either from the ſouldiers, who with hopes had beene brought by *Macro* to the Legions, or from the people that followed his miſery, to whoſe Fortune they had tied themſelves by an inviolable oath, aſſembling together in the Temple of Concord, that they might not be reduced to ſuch ſtraights, as to deſire that which now the people expected from them, they con-

demned the miserable *Sejanus* to punishment.

Ah poore condition of man, Beares, and Lyons are fed for Gladiators, and men are fatned for the sithe of death. *Tiberius*, durst not command the death of *Sejanus*, and his servants durst execute it. The people stormed at retardation, finding more punishment in delay, then the delinquent was to feele in the execution. *Every thing submits to fortune, which never embraceth man, but to strangle him.*

One sole hower sufficed to accuse, arraigne, condemne, and execute a monarch so much greater then others, by how much they had commanded over an Empire, he over the Emperour.

Among so many his allyes, friends, soldiers, followers, dependents, ministers, there was not one stirred a foot for him, nay, there was not one who stirred not against him. Every one runnes for wood to the tree, which the winde or hatchet hath layd along. At this time there could bee no greater offence, nor perill, then fidelity; He was a true servant, who most speedily hasted

ned the death of his Master, to free him from those miseries, which were not to moove mercie in any other Deity, then death.

Concord was ashamed to bee at ods with Fortune, and lent her, her owne Temple to be a Theater, where the Sentence of this mans death should bee pronounced, and consequently the monitory of humane infelicity. Betweene the condemnation, and execution, nothing interposed, but the distance, which was betwixt the prison, and those staires, from whence the condemned must dismount in a leap, from supremest exaltation, to the lowest misery. He was taken from prison with such fury, that we may rather say hee flew thence. They dragged him to the precipice, and threw him headlong from the top. Let him imagine the manner, who hath the heart to thinke of it. No injury, or possible cruelty was omitted to be used, nay rather, that was made possible, which was not; for to see the ally, the obliged, the servant, the friend to lead triumphantly to death, his greater, his benefactor, his Lord, is a spectacle more true than likely. They that were nearest were ambitious to have the

opportunity to abuse him, the most distant followed him, sorry they could not have a hand in this action. Some cursed him, some upbraided him with his acts, and both the one and the other shewed him his punishment, to increase the sorrow with the terror, and augment the manner, although not the numbers of his death. Oh people, alike cruell in punishing, and in having so long deferred the chastisement.

Behold to what this man is reduced, whose favour men no longer desired, to whom starres afforded no gratious influences, nor Fortune gave blessings. That man, with whose revenges hell was increased, and to whose statues the *gods* envied the best sacrifices. Oh how much more secure is the povertie of *Irus*, than the riches of *Gressus*. *That Engine, which more than other is raised toward Heaven, more than the rest approacheth thunders. Let him avoid the ascent, who feares the precicipice. He that will enjoy the Court, let him not pretend to greatnesse with a Prince. He, who would know what greatnesse with a Prince is, let him make his last Will, for it is nought else but sudden ruine.*

These are Aphorismes subscribed by a cay-

tive,

tive, whole body could never finde repoſe, not ſo much as in the boſome of death. The earth denied buriall to the corps of him who had filled ſo many Sepulchers with his crueltie. Friends defrauded it of that ſepulture, to which for the ſakes of the living, rather than of the dead, enemies themſelves uſe to be courteous. Poore *Sejanus*, for an eternall refuge, found not two yards of that land, whoſe vaſt Continent he had both commanded and governed.

Scarcely arrived he to the end of the laſt leape, rent, torne, and diſmembred, but that the people for three whole dayes dragged him thorowout *Rome*, barhing the ſtones with his bloud, who had ſtained them with the bloud of poore Citizens. After this, they on the fourth day threw him into the River, either that he ſhould not returne to infect *Rome*, or that *Tiber* might begin to be more fertile in monſters than the Sea. Behold the continued courſe of Fate, water was ever the Supulcher of *Icarus'es* and *Phaetons*.

Fortune permitted not it ſhould come into the peoples minds, to waſte the remainders of this miſerable carkaſſe with fire, becauſe ha-

ving expoſed it to the cruelty of men, ſhee would likewiſe reſerve it to the ſhames of nature, to exerciſe its corruptions upon him. He, who had beeene fed with the bloud and wealth of poore Citizens, was reſerved to feed fiſhes in the water, wormes in the earth, and birds in the ayre. Oh never enough adored divine Providence!

The funerals celebrated for this unhappy creature, ought rather to be abbreviated, than enlarged for writing them, there is not any one will beleeve them, and to credit them is hardly in man, for the impiety thereof ſurpaſſed the inhumanity of man.

The Orators were curſes and reproaches. The ſacrificers, cruelty and fury. The children and friends of *Sejanus* were the victims. The houſes of the dead were purged from crimes with fire; The fires were quenched with the bloud of his faction. The diverſity of times made it equally dangerous to have offended, and to have loved *Sejanus*. *There is not any ſacrifice of a worſe condition, then that of envie.*

Mercy appeared not in the Palace that day, for innocencie was a crime, and he was not

without crime, who became not an enemie to *Sejanus*. Behold how unsound is the friendship of an unjust Favorite.

There burnt nothing of pity to the soule of that unhappy man, but some fire of revenge, since under the title of *Sejanus* his friends, private enemies were pursued. *In popular commotion, it is alwayes the surest way to retire.* The Prætorian souldiers mutined, that the night-guards were preferred before them in matter of fidelity. Many Citizens were accused and condemned for his friendship, some of which (*Marcus Terentius* excepted, whom Courage, Iustice, and Fortune assisted) unfortunately stood upon their defence; which nought availed them, unlesse it were to give time, that the other Complices might be throwne headlong from the Capitoll; and because one kinde of death could not serve so great a number of proscribed, many slew themselves.

Tiberius not confiscating the goods of him who prevented the Hangman (to avoid the imputation of cruelty, which others executed) barbarously enforced men, who were desirous to leave rich heires, to kill themselves.

Behold

Behold death reduced to be the utmoſt, not of things terrible, but of mens goods; wherein ſo much was gained in an inſtant, as was poſſeſſed through the whole courſe of life. See how true it is, that *among mortall things there is not any more fading, than that power, which hath not ſupport from it ſelfe.* Thus was the whole day ſpent in wickednesſes, the laſt of which was the generall joy that was made. This was a day dedicated to cruelty, in which the miſerable *Sejanus* ſaw, nay felt the ſetting of his greatneſſe, to bee the chaſtiſement of his crimes.

Vnhappy he who confides in his own greatneſſe. *Poore is that power which reſts in the breſt of one man. Vnfortunate is that man who dependeth on another.* Let the Courtier learne true politike arts, from the Hiſtory of this wretched forlorne creature. Happy he, who ſtudieth prudence on anothers bookes.

Let the Favorite of a Prince flie violence, as a thing which cannot continue. Let him flie Envie, againſt which none can long perſiſt. Let him not raiſe his greatneſſe on terrour and cruelty, for they afford a great man more feare than power, more perill than ſafety. Let him

him rule with a slacke hand, who would be loved; but yet with that temper, without which vertue concludes in vice. *Terror and feare are too weake bands to tie minds; when once they are loose, who leave to feare thee, they will begin to hate thee.* Flie ostentation, as the mother of Envie, as the daughter of Vanity. *He who cannot in himselfe containe the favour of his Lord, shewes himselfe to be incapable, and consequently undeserving.* Let him suffer himselfe to be honoured, as enforced, not as pretending it, ascribing honours to his office, not to merit. Let him carry himselfe towards a Prince with reverence, and this is a flattery without vice. These are the Brokers of favour, because the common defects of great ones is pride, as those who measure themselves by their fortune, not by their merit. Let him esteeme the favour of a Prince, as a thing which may be lost. Let him not run to honours, but expect them, not as one who lookes them, but deserves them; not as a necessary servant, but as a good. Of every thing that succeeds well with him, acknowledging none from proper prudence, let him ascribe all to the vertue, to merit, to the fortune of the Prince. Let him not labour

for vanity, but justice, for merit consisteth not in well dissembling, but well doing. Very ill can vice cloke it selfe with the habits of vertue, neither doth the Asse dance to the Harpe, nor the Lyon's skinne teach us to rore.

Let him not abuse the favour of his Patron, which would bee either to despise it, or not to know it. Let him acknowledge it as a gift, not as a reward: so doing, other will endevour to deserve it that they may obtaine it, and hee will likewise deserve it, whilst hee obtaines it. In the affaires of a Prince let him use diligence, sollicitude, and counsell; In Counsells, sincerity, and secrecie. *No lesse is secrecie necessary, than good counsell.*

Let him not bee perpetually by his Lords side for profit, and riches. With many to have heaped riches, hath not been the end of evills, but the mutation. When the Prince hath given all, and the Favorite can desire no more, they quickly grow weary one of another. Let him rather beg modestly, than importunately. Let him rest satisfied with conveniency, and not pretend to over-much;

for *hee knowes not how to beginne to enjoy, who cannot tell where to make an end of having.* Vomiting is the Phyſician of Repletion. Let the Favourite bee content with what hee may have, for when the Prince hath given all hee hath, to take it backe againe, it is neceſſary hee ſhould reſume that which hee before gave, and becauſe to reſume is ſhamefull, many times hee is taken out of his ſight, who makes him aſhamed.

Let *Papinian*, Let *Seneca* ſpeake, for whom it was a thing impoſſible to avoid riches, becauſe they ſhowred upon them; It was not lawfull to refuſe them, for they were the gifts of a Prince. What Felicity then is this, where hee who hath it, feares, who would have it, is unſafe, and who would refuſe it, cannot?

Let him profeſſe himſelfe to be leſſe with his equalls, To be courteous, and affable: for they who are ſuch, have had of their enemies greater friends, than the other of their Citizens. Sometimes let him participate the favors of his lord with them, not as a man who gives them, but begs them. To goe about to

give them, is a profession of superiority; a matter odious among equals: *Proud favours reape contempt, & ingratitude in stead of thanks.* *In the manage of State affaires*, where secrecie is not enjoyned, let him communicate with them, as well to avoid the note of one who arrogateth all to his owne authority, as to erre, rather with the opinion of many, than by himselfe alone. *The successe of an affaire provideth protectors for him, who consulteth it with others.* To aske counsell, is to honour him of whom it is required, yet is not liberty taken away from a man to do as he pleaseth. It is true, the quality of the person is to be observed. *For to aske counsell of ones better, is to be tied to performance.* In a businesse whereon thou hast consulted, good successe will be thy glory, evill thy excuse, having followed the advice of others.

Professe equality with inferiours, not of manners, that it become not baseness, but of pretentions. In commands be discreet, for *he who seldome or never commands, is always obeyed.* Let the manner of commanding bee by way of intreaty, for although his intreaty who hath authority to command contains

violence,

violence, let him notwithstanding doe it, for he shall be obeyed with promptnesse, which he may make use of for good manners, not obligation. Let him be milde, that too much severity keepe not inferiours so distant that he cannot afterward employ them in his need. Let him be liberall in words, *for the gifts of poore Princes are favours, which cost nothing.* Let him be free of his deeds, if he be able, for *a benefit is the father of a benefit, and love is a fortresse to defend greatnesse.*

Let him use a lenitive with detractors of his honour, and the male volent to his person. Let his scope be the end of the ill will, not of the ill willer. Exercising power against him, no place will remaine to exercise vertue. *There is no enemie whom benefits will not gaine.* Thou maist have great hopes of his friendship, whose enmity hath found thee doing favours. *To kill a competitor in State-affaires, is too full of danger.* Suddenly the Prince beginneth to suspect an excesse of imaginations in thy mind. Little can the head confide in him, who hath not borne respect to its members. The people begin to feare, and hate thy greatnesse; and for that vertue borders neare upon vice, thy

ſolicitous care is judged intereſt, reverence, adulation, and juſtice, ſeverity: Beſides, *power grounded upon miſchiefe, was never long.* Let him flie affaires odious to the people, for there is no force againſt hatred, which can availe: If he cannot decline them, let him ſhew himſelfe to bee the ſervant, not the ſuperiour, a diſſwader, not a counſellour. Let him be the firſt to ſtand expoſed to hurt. Let him execute his office with charity, not predominancie. Let him give time, expect time, comfort, encourage, aſſiſt; *for promptneſſe overcommeth every difficulty, and the glory will not be unworthy the danger.*

Let him remember, that the life of great men is nought elſe but a perpetuall cenſure, and *where cenſure is in continuall uſe, greatneſſe is not laſting.*

Finally, let him be that within himſelfe, which he would be accounted by other. Let him endevour to be vertuous, for *vertue is it's owne reward.*

Every man can envie the proſperity of fortune; in vertue even fortune her ſelfe finds what to envie. This alone addes a ſtraine of immortality to him, who is mortall. *He is not*

happy on whom treasures showre; but that man whose good rests in the mind. Well may fortune pricke him, not wound him; strike him, not overthrow him. Adversity, losses, injuries, can doe that against vertue, which clouds may against the Sunne. It is true, that the Courtier (being perfectly such) will come to bee (as it were) no Courtier; for the Court is the receptacle of all fraud and vice; Let him therefore seeke to accoast the best what hee may; for the vertuous man knowes how to tread the paths of vice with an upright foot, and verily honest men can, and understand how to live, even under bad Princes. There is no other meanes to overcome Fortune, but by sole vertue; and although the just man is not free from the effects, yet is he exempt from the occasions; For if hee bee afflicted, hee is afflicted as a man, not as wicked, nay rather hee is exercised, as vertuous. *Attalus* the Stoicke said, I rather choose Fortune should entertaine mee in her toiles than in her delights. I am tormented, but I beare it couragiously; I am killed, but I die valiantly. This goeth well; unhappinesse is the fire which purifieth

this

this gold. *Fortune trusteth no man more than him who despiseth her, none despise her but the vertuous, and although every fortune faile us, it is no meane fortune to be vertuous.*

But what said I of Fortune? Man hath no other fortune but himselfe. Who is so simple as not to know it, who so wicked as to deny it.

That *Sejanus* was in one instant adored and precipitated; raised to eminent height, depressed to lowest abjectnesse; environed by so many friends, besieged by so many enemies; not defended by any, persecuted by all, I confesse to be no small matter, yea such, that not injuriously men sought to cover it with supernaturall power, constituing an imaginary Deity, to predominate over these exorbitances of motion.

But what should a Prince doe, (speaking naturally) seeing himselfe oppressed, betrayed, entrapped by a force, which takes all force from his favour; which in stead of gratefully acknowledging him, seekes perfidiously to ruine him? If the chastisement of so great a disorder be committed to fortune, what assurednesse of strength defends him? If a great one depose not a lesser, who offends him, what is

this

this greatneſſe? And if this bee not naturall, to what purpoſe did nature put into us, that motion of anger towards revenge?

That friends in theſe calamities abandon the depoſed, is not accidentall, but neceſſary. *The preſervation of the Individuum, is the moſt principall among all the effects of nature.* Who ſeeth not, that a private man following the adherence to a Rebell againſt a Prince, of neceſſity is a companion of his crimes and fortune? Hee wrongs no man, who vertuouſly maketh uſe of his Reaſon; It is the naturall reaſon of every one who is borne, what he can to ayd, preſerve, and defend his owne life; and even thus much is granted, which ſometimes hath happened, that to preſerve it without any fault, men have been killed; and this the lawes admit (under the care of which is the preſervation of each mortall) how much more lawfull then is it, without offence to any for a good Courtier to abandon a friend, not friendſhip; and to retire from perill, not from love?

That in one and the ſame time a thouſand are diſcovered to be enemies, who have flattered thee, is no wonder; man being promptly

disposed to arrive by what meanssoever to his own ends. The place, thou emptiest hath need to be replenished. That the subject flatters his Prince, is not against nature. That revenge expects occasion, is not unusuall. They, who now are thy enemies, were never thy friends; Vertue admits no change. That enemies offend thee, is no mervell, it were strange if they help thee. That *Sejanus* was precipitated from so exalted a Condition of felicity into so deep a dungeon of misery, is not to bee called an effect of fortune; for if the causes (as we saw before) be of nature, how can the effects bee supernaturall? Man is that silke worme, which hath woven a prison, and bands for it self, and when crimes come to incorrigible terms, they incur by divine permission those chastisements, which naturally follow bad beginnings. Who sees not, that ruine waiteth on him, who plaies over it. Every Autumn concludeth in Winter. Mirth endeth in teares. The Souldier is reserved to the Sword, the Marriner to the waves. It is not ascribed to Fortune, that a Butterfly, bold to dally with the fire, at last is wasted in the flame, and is it to be called an accident of fortune, that that man, who is not able to

governe

governe himselfe, fals oppressed under the weight of the government of a whole world, and that which is more considerable, of another man world? As if it were lesse naturall to returne backe, then to depart from, to descend than to climbe.

Fortunate is that Courtier, who to gaine the favour of his Lord, makes vertue the instrument. Happy he, who having obtained it, retires, that he may not lose it. The end attained, he who further pretendeth, provoketh misery. He commits himselfe to airy vanity, to gaine the certainty of a Center, who descendeth from a height, not expecting to bee throwne headlong. The measure of the foot is more safe than of the eye. Favour is not inaccessible, but to preserve it is impossible, or difficult. The prize is gotten at the end, not at the beginning of the race. The end of good events, is the beginning of bad. *He who trusteth to himselfe is rash, who confideth in the favour of another, is meerely mad. The last day of servitude, is the first of libertie.* Liberty in a generous and vertuous minde, is a pledge which assureth thee that such shall be thy fortune, as thou canst make it or desire it.

The

This is as much as I can say to thee (O Courtier.) The favour of great men is an alluring *Syren*, which hath poyson on the tongue, and a sword in hand. Let *Sejanus* be thy master, not thy guide, for very fond is he, who walketh on ruines, and remembers not hee may fall.

IUVENAL.

——Qui nimios optabat honores
Et nimias poscebat opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus, & impulsæ præceps immane ruinæ.

FINIS.

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